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# JUSTICES AND OLD BAILEYS.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse,  
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

**H**ERE'S adieu to your judges and juries,  
Justices and Old Baileys also,  
Seven years he's transported my true love,  
Seven years he's transported you know.

To go to a strange country don't grieve me,  
Nor leaving Old England behind,  
It's all for the sake of my Polly love,  
And the leaving my parents behind.

There's the captain that is our commander,  
The boatswain and all the ship's crew,  
There's married men too and there's single,  
Who knows what we transports go.

Dear Polly I am going to leave you,  
For seven long years love and more,  
But that time will be but a moment,  
When returned to the girl I adore.

If ever I return from the ocean,  
Store of riches I'll bring for my dear,  
It's all for the sake of my Polly love,  
I'll cross the salt seas for my dear.

How hard is the place of confinement,  
That keeps me from my hearts delight,  
Cold chains and cold irons surround me,  
And a plank for my pillow at night.

How often I wished that the eagle  
Would lend me her wings, I would fly,  
Then I'd fly to the arms of my Polly